

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Poore man Yea indeed sir, God help me.
 Humphrey How camst thou lame?
 Poore man With falling off on a plum-tree.
 Humphrey Wast thou blind, and wouldst climb plum-trees?
 Poore man Neuer but once sir in all my life,
 My wife did long for plums.
 Humphrey But tell me, wast thou borne blind?
 Poore man Yea truly sir.
 Woman. Yea indeed sir, he was borne blind.
 Humphrey What art thou, his mother?
 Woman His wife sir.
 Humphrey Hadst thou beene his mother,
 Thou couldst haue better told:
 Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.
 Pooreman. Yes truly master, as cleere as day.
 Humphrey Saist thou so! what colour's his cloake?
 Poore man Why red maister, as red as blood.
 Humphrey And his cloake?
 Poore man Why thats greene.
 Humphrey And what colour's his hose?
 Poore man Yellow maister, yellow as gold.
 Humphrey And what colours, my gowne?
 Pooreman Blacke sir, as blacke as ieat.
 King Then belike he knowes what colour ieat is on.
 Suffolke And I thinke ieat did he neuer see.
 Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one:
 But tell me sirra, what's my name?
 Poore man Alas master I know not.
 Humphrey Whats his name?
 Poore man I know not.
 Humphrey Nor his?
 poore. No truly sir.
 Hum. Nor his name?
 poore. No indeed master.
 Hum. What's thine owne name?
 poore. Sander, and it please you maister.
 Hum. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Chri-
 stendome.

houses, of Yorke and

stendome. If thou hadst been borne
 haue knowne all our names, as
 lours we do weare. Sight may d
 dainly to nominate them all it is in
 bons here hath done a miracle, an
 cunning to be great, that could r
 againe?
 poore man Oh maister I would
 Humphrey My maisters of Sain
 Haue you not Beadles in your T
 And things called whips?
 Mayor Yes my lord, if it please
 Hum. Then send for one please
 Mayor Sirra, go fetch the Beadle
 Hum. Now fetch me a stoole h
 Now sirra, if you meane to saue yo
 Leape me ouer this stoole, and run
 Enter Bea
 poore. Alas master I am not ab
 You go about to torture me in vai
 Hum. Well sir, we must haue ye
 Sirra Beadle, whip him til he leape
 Beadle I will my Lord, come on
 quickly.
 poore. Alas master, what shall I
 After the beadle hath hit him on
 stoole and runs away, and they
 a miracle, a m
 Hum. A miracle, a miracle, le
 whipt through euery market Tow
 where he was borne.
 Maior It shal be done my Lord.
 Suff. My lord Protector hath d
 He hath made the blind to see and
 Hum. Yea but you did greater
 whole Dukedomes flie in a day.
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